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YOUNG CITIZEN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

Vol. 2 March 1, 1925 No. 12

MADRAS

Youth Comes to Re-Shape the World

Edited by Annie Besant, D. L., and G. S. Arundale, M. A., LL. B.

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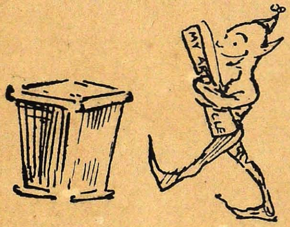

4- APR 1925
MADRAS

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ANNIE BESANT AND G. S. ARUNDALE, *Editors*

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The Young Citizen

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

VOL. 2 MADRAS, 1st MARCH, 1925 No. 12

From The Front

BY ANNIE BESANT, D. L.

THIS number is the last of our second volume, and whether the Magazine shall continue after the third volume, beginning in April, 1925, depends upon the number of the 1925 subscribers. Those who like *The Young Citizen* and who desire its continuance will do well to obtain at once a new subscriber for the coming year. If each present subscriber renews his own subscription and finds a friend willing to subscribe, then the Magazine will have a fourth volume—otherwise not. Much time and thought have to be given to it by our workers here, and, unless it can fully cover its expenses, that time and thought can be better utilised elsewhere. So the matter is in the hands of our readers.

In January last, I drew attention to the importance of the present time to the Young, "as in the political field National affairs are rapidly approaching a crisis". I then sketched the history of the movement by which the present conditions have been brought about, from the paper read by Mr. V. S. Ramaswami Sastri to the Political Section of the 1921 Club, Madras, in February, 1922, down to the drafting of the Commonwealth of India Bill, in December, 1924.

Another factor has now to be added to the situation. An All-India Parties Conference was held in Bombay, on November 21 and 22, 1924. At that very representative Conference a Committee was elected, charged with three duties: (1) To suggest a method of uniting in the National Congress the political parties then outside it; (2) to suggest means for bringing about Hindu-Muslim Unity; (3) to outline a Scheme for Swarâj. This Committee, to which many names were added subsequently, met in Delhi, on January 23 and 24, 1925. As the two divisions of the Swarâjya Party had united during the interval, and as the National Congress had made the Swarâjya Party its spokesman, and had thereby excluded all other political parties, the first term of reference from the Conference to its Committee could not be considered, and after some discussion, Gandhiji withdrew it, leaving the other two terms for the Committee to follow out. The Committee then elected a Sub-Committee to deal with these, and to report; it then adjourned. The Sub-Committee met on that same day, and divided itself into two groups, members choosing the one into which they prefered to enter: one group was charged with the duty of finding methods for reaching Hindu-Muslim Unity, and the other for outlining the scheme on which a Bill for Swarâj could be based. It met on January 25 and 26, Feb. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 9 and 11, on the evening of which day the Report was handed in to the General Secretary, Pandit Motilal Nehru, M.L.A. On Saturday, February 21, evening, I received a telegram from him, conveying from Gandhiji permission to publish it in the Press, and sent it early on Monday for wiring over India to the Associated Press, and delivered it by hand to the local (Madras) daily newspapers. All published it, except *The Madras*

Mail. Other papers are now coming in by post, and all I have seen have printed it in full.

The National Conference and CONVENTION were adjourned, instead of meeting in February, so that the above Report might be before the CONVENTION. They will be called during the coming week, the first week in March, to meet in April. I trust that the All-Parties Conference will meet before then to receive the Reports of its Committee, and to come to a decision upon them. When final decisions are reached and a single Bill receives the support of both bodies, then the last stage of India's great struggle for Freedom, commenced in 1885, will be reached, for that Bill will go up to the Imperial Parliament, to be passed as an Imperial Statute. The length of that stage depends on the fidelity of Great Britain to the principles of Freedom which have lifted her high among the Nations of the World, and on the strength of India in supporting her claim to the restoration of her birthright of Swarâj, her Will to Freedom.

What can Young Citizens do to help the Motherland during this critical time of struggle for the elementary right of a Nation to govern itself? That is the crucial test of your character, dear Young Citizens, you who are the coming generation of India's Leaders, you who will be, in your manhood and womanhood, the rulers, the statesmen, the legislators, the judicial functionaries, the teachers, the defenders, the mass of the citizens of the land, lifting her high, dragging her down, according to your wisdom, your strength, your beauty of harmony, of mutual co-operation, your courage, your noble character, your deep and wide religion. Splendid are your possibilities; what will you do with them? Pitiful will be your failure, if you do not equip yourselves for your great task.

How then shall you equip yourselves? First, you must study. The Benares Hindu University has taken as a Text Book *India—A Nation*, with the Historical Sketch from *How India Wrought for Freedom*, bound up with it, and has recommended *Lectures on Political Science*, both by myself, for study. They are useful as introductory books, as summaries, guiding you in more exhaustive study. Both books contain bibliographies, out of which you can choose books representing the special matters you wish to study. The mass of materials now accumulating is constantly increasing. It is the lack of acquaintance with India's Past which so handicaps many of the present generation of adults. They have grown up in an atmosphere of English views of India and English histories of India, and do not know how to meet the statements constantly made of "the blessings of British Rule". A large number of the elders have spoken of the stultifying effects of the atmosphere which surrounded them in their younger days, and these have found in Indian History their best weapons in the fight for Freedom. No wise man wants a westernised India, any more than he wants an easternised Britain. Both have developed splendid qualities, but, while these may be united to the profit of each, Indians should be dominated by Indian Ideals and manifest chiefly Indian qualities, while Britons should be dominated by British Ideals and manifest chiefly British qualities; then they will be useful to each other, and together, in equal freedom, they can redeem the World.

The Youth Movement has many phases, and one of these is called the Student Christian Movement. It held in Manchester, early in the present year, a Conference which yielded some very interesting addresses, and *The Manchester Guardian* remarks that "the greater number of them treated of the Christian purpose in India, considered from the diversified standpoints of religion, politics and economics. Indeed, India was the chief subject for the day, and the contributions were not confined to acknowledged English experts on the question; there were also Indian students to represent the purely Indian point of view."

"India in the 20th century" was dealt with by Mr. T. H. Oldham, and he came "to the paradoxical conclusion that while in co-operation (between the Indians and the British) lay the only hope of the future for the two races concerned, effectively harmonious co-operation

seemed to be out of reach". He therefore pleaded for a new spirit in each, drawing its inspiration from religion. He began with some interesting and sympathetic remarks on conditions beginning with

The significant figure of Mr. Gandhi—a small, frail, unassuming man, who had sacrificed considerable wealth and taken a vow of poverty, who lived in the greatest simplicity, wearing, as a rule, only a loincloth of homespun cotton, whose name was a houshold word in India, who was loved and revered by millions of his countrymen, whose word was to many of them a command, and who, without material resources or any advantage derived from birth or position, with no other force than that of the untameable human Spirit and the power of what he believed to be truth, had, whether rightly or mistakenly, challenged and defied the wealth and might of the British Empire.

In the reason given by Mr. Gandhi for his opposition to British rule, Mr. Oldham found an illumination of the heart of the Indian problem. Mr. Gandhi believed that the relation between Governors and governed had been morally bad for both races, tending to produce, in the British, an attitude of arrogance, aloofness, and haughty superiority, sapping, in the Indian people, virility and independence, and destroying their sense of responsibility and power of initiative.

The speaker saw no use in attempting to deal with the political problem in India until the depth and intensity of this feeling had been realised. The desire that burned like a flame in the hearts of educated Indians was that they should be masters in their own houses, and it seemed a fundamental weakness in the ordinary British attitude to Indian questions that it did not sufficiently recognise that Indian feeling was really the dominating fact in the situation. Uncorrected, this defective vision might in the end frustrate all our well intentioned efforts to do the right thing by India.

Mr. Oldham here sounded a true note, and if British Christian Students recognise it as true, and tune their conduct into accord with it, if they recognise the strength of this determination to be free, a better hope for co-operation between the races will come into being.

Mr. Oldham then proceeded to make the following forceful statement:

No sane Englishman could believe it possible to rule India by force alone. The governing of three hundred millions of people by machine-guns was a manifest impossibility, and nothing was to be gained by demonstrating to our own satisfaction that the continuance of British rule was to India's advantage, if the people of India were determined not to have it. If the peasants in any large numbers got it firmly into their heads that British rule was injurious and that they would be better off under Swarâj; if Indians in the mass reached a state of mind in which they had lost all faith and confidence in British intentions and became convinced that any risk was preferable to its continuance, then the British could do nothing more. It would make no difference whether the Indians were right or wrong, or whether their choice would lead them to the realisation of their hopes or plunge them into irremediable calamity. The way they felt and resolved would in the end determine the issue.

That is so, and it is well that an Englishman should put it so plainly. It is very little weakened by the fact, recognised by the speaker, that the feeling in this strong form is not universal.

Mr. Oldham continued:

The hard fact, which no ardor of aspiration and no sympathy with that aspiration could conceal, was that the population of India was far from homogeneous, and that the different communities inhabiting the land were separated from one another in a large measure by mutual distrust. A strong effort was being made by the leaders of the various communities to overcome these animosities, and all friends of India must pray for its success, but the antagonisms and suspicions of centuries could not be eradicated in a night. British rule had been accepted by India largely because it had provided an impartial justice and held the scales even between the separated communities; but, while Indians had appreciated this service, it was of course another question, which Indians were beginning insistently to ask, whether they had been equally just judges in questions between India and Great Britain where their own interests were involved.

This question, as knowledge of the facts increases, is being very decidedly answered in the negative.

An Indian friend had told the speaker that, if Great Britain was really sincere in her declarations, that the goal of her policy was for India to attain Responsible Government, and become an equal partner in the Empire, it was a conception so new in the history of the world, a vision so moving, that he could count himself among those whose faces were set towards that goal. There remained all the time to be reckoned with that irresistible tide of Indian feeling which found the existing relationship intolerable, and might at any moment swell and sweep everything before it, defeating all our efforts, irremediably extinguishing all our hopes.

We cannot but see that the noble conception mentioned was prominent during the War, but has fallen into the background now that Britain is no longer in peril. That is one of the facts that embitters Indians.

A missionary, the Rev. John Grant, spoke graphically on the poverty of the masses.

When he first went among the low-caste people in the little villages west of Benares, he discovered that they were not a mass of souls but a mass of stomachs, and that there was a degree of poverty that killed the soul and prevented any kind of response to the missionary appeal.

These people were not, as the missionary books had led him to expect, thirsting for the Gospel. They were either in the hands of money-lenders who were charging interest up to 75 per cent, or they were day laborers, kept alive as cattle are kept alive, in a state of serfdom. The problem they presented to the missionary might have suggested soup kitchens or some such charitable device, but charity was utterly inadequate to the situation.

This, again, is true, and Mr. Grant urged that the Christian missionaries should organise Co-operative Credit Banks, and other practical utilities. It is interesting to note that he regarded the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms as ill-adapted to Indian conditions, and urged that political institutions should have "the village as the unit". It is encouraging to receive support for the Indian view of building up political institutions from the bottom receiving support in so unexpected a quarter.

So so we come back to political questions at the end, as we began with them. The Young Citizens should take note of the general spread of the feeling that Liberty is near at hand, and will build the New India on the sound old foundations, the villages. We have more than 500,000 villages in the two-thirds of India which are under British Rule and ill-adapted to British institutions. *The Village System of India* is a pamphlet just published at Annas 6, containing three lectures by Mr. A. Ranganatham and myself, and the remarks of Lord Ronaldshay of the poor results of these and of the success of Indian institutions, when tried, should be read by all Young Citizens who hope to take active part in politics.

One thing that Warriors' for Liberty must ever remember, is that much which the world calls "failure," those who understand name "success". For no work honestly done for a great cause, even if done mistakenly, is really a failure; it flows into the great stream of the Power which makes for Righteousness, and is therefore one of the factors in the final inevitable victory. We purblind mortals may err intellectually, and commit many mistakes, fall into many errors; but if our motive be pure, unselfish, unstained by any evil passion, and our eyes fixed on Love and sacrifice, then our weeds shall turn into flowers, and will form part of the wreaths to the memory of the warriors who died ere the Dawn of Liberty made rosy the horizon. Never be discouraged, Young Citizens, never be disheartened. Whatever the outer failure of the moment, it is built into the foundation on which the Pillar of Liberty shall rise. Here is an Irish song for you, that may inspire you with new courage if coward-fear should ever creep into your heart:

They Went Forth to Battle Yet They Always Fell

We must serve India by our failures.—*Gopal Krishna Gokhalé*

They went forth to battle, yet they always fell.
Their eyes were fixed above the sullen shields;
Nobly they fought and bravely, yet not well,
And sank, heart-wounded by a subtle spell.
They knew not fear that to the foeman yields,
They were not weak, as one who vainly wields
A futile weapon; yet the sad scrolls tell
How on the hard-fought field they always fell.

It was a secret music that they heard,
A sad sweet plea for pity and for peace;
And that which pierced the heart was but a word,
Though the white breast was red-lipped where the sword
Pressed a fierce cruel kiss, to put surcease
On its hot thirst, but drank a hot increase.
Ah, they by some strange troubling doubt were stirred
And died for hearing what no foeman heard.

They went forth to battle, but they always fell.
Their might was not the might of lifted spears;
Over the battle-clamor came a spell
Of troubling music, and they fought not well.
Their wreaths are willows and their tribute, tears;
Their names are old sad stories in men's ears;
Yet they will scatter the red hordes of Hell,
Who went to battle forth and always fell.

SHAEMUS O' SHEEL[1]

[1] From *The Little Book of Modern verse*, Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse.

In The World's Service

Shri Ramanujachariar

THIS great religious Teacher, Founder of the Vishishthadvaita School of Hindu Philosophy, was born at Shriperumbudur, near Madras, in 1017. It is interesting to read that the dates both of his birth and death have been traditionally preserved, with unusual and undisputed accuracy, by being incorporated into two Samskrit words through the numerical values of the component letters, after the Kabalistic method, which is no stranger to India. These two words have been used as passwords among the Vaishnava followers of Râmânûja.

He was the son of a much respected Brâhmana, and was early recognised as having great genius, and the consciousness of a Divine Mission. Between the ages of eight and sixteen he was educated in Shaiva Philosophy, at Conjiveram, but that was not the line towards which he was drawn, and he soon left it to gather up the scattered threads of the Vaishnava tradition, the worship of the Supreme Being under the form of Vishnu or Nârâyana, a cult which was languishing, almost to extinction, in South India at the time. At the age of twenty-five, he felt himself called to the death-bed of the Sage Yamûnâchâriar at Shrirangam, but he arrived too late, and returned home in disappointment, to fight out his own problems. Finally, at the age of thirty-two, he renounced the householder life, and took up his abode at Shrirangam, where he set himself to the work of collecting the inspired poems of the Alwars, or Vaishnavite Saints, and to found a great religious organisation throughout India, much resembling the Christian Church, with no fewer than 700 Maths, or consecrated Centres, and 89 hereditary Abbotships, like the Apostolic Succession of Bishops, from which it differed only in that celibacy was not enjoined. In the course of this great work of organisation, Râmânûja is said to have travelled through Northern India, as far as Kashmir. The success of his mission evidently roused the jealousy of other religious sects, until, under the Chola King Kulottunga, a persecution of the Vaishnava began, which led to Râmânûja, an old man of seventy-eight years, having to leave Shrirangam and go to Mysore, where he lived under the protection of King Vithala Deva, whom he converted from Jainism. Here he stayed till 1118, when, already a centenarian, he returned to Shrirangam on the death of the persecuting King, and continued his work there till he passed out of the body in 1137, a hundred and twenty years old.

As a religious reformer, he brought the warmth of Love into Southern Hinduism, which had become too coldly philosophical, and it is said that the cardinal principle of the Vishishthadvaitic faith is "the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man," just as it is claimed for Christianity—a striking reminder that there is only One Great World-Teacher at a time, speaking through different mouths in different lands, but naturally giving the same message of Truth, according to human needs and capacities at the time.

The depth of love for his fellow-men in Râmânûja's heart may be seen through the following tale. At Tirukkottiyur lived a Sage called Goshi Pûrna, in whose custody was a holy 8-syllabled Mantra said to be of great power. No less than eighteen times did Râmânûja go from Shrirangam to Tirukkottiyur, to seek initiation into this Mantra, but in vain, evidently because he refused to make the required promise of secrecy. At last, Goshi Purna was divinely instructed not to withhold it, and so he reluctantly parted with the Word of Power, under threat of eternal torments in

Hell if it were betrayed. But Râmânûja had given no promise, and on the very next day he proclaimed the Mantra, in a loud voice, from the top of the neighboring Gopuram, saying to questioners that if, by himself being guilty of sin he could secure salvation to others, he would willingly sacrifice himself. Is there not a legend that the Master Jesus similarly incurred the blame of the Essene Community in Syria for the betrayal of their Mysteries?

Although Shri Râmânûja acquiesced in the Caste System prevailing in his day, he tried to soften its harsher features, and won for the Panchamas of Melkote and Belur some concessions during festival seasons, which they still enjoy, showing the tendency of his teaching and example.

Among the teachings of Shri Râmânûja there is a pleasant tale, which again reminds us of words attributed to the Master of Christianity.

There was once a devotee, who asked his teacher how the ideal Vaishnava ought to conduct himself. The teacher sent him, for his answer, to the Saint Anandalwar, living on Tirupati Hill, who received him kindly, but gave him no immediate answer. Taking his place among the Saint's pupils, he patiently awaited instructions, meanwhile conducting himself with his usual careful attention to duty. One day he was assigned a place for food far below that to which his social rank entitled him; but he took it, without feeling humiliated. On the next day, he was surprised to find himself given a seat amidst the foremost disciples; again he took His place and ate, feeling no elation. Every day he would bathe punctiliously, and was conspicuous for the whiteness of his clothes and his general neat appearance; and his companions found him always reliable and consistent, the same in thought, word and deed. So after some weeks of observation, the Poet-Saint called him to his side, to give him his answer in terse, epigrammatic Tamil, which is thus translated: "Like a Swan will he be; Like a Fowl will he be; Like Salt will he be; Like yourself will he be." The interpretation is that, the perfect Vaishnava should be as spotlessly clean as the Swan; as discerning as the Fowl, which picks up grain from the offal-heap; as consistent as Salt, which is of one nature, without and within, and affects others, but is unaffected itself.

After the Master's death, foolish differences arose between his followers—again closely following the example of the Christian Church—and a schism occurred between the Southern (Tengalai) School of Vishishthadvaitism, and Northern (Vadagalai) School. The differences between these two concern eighteen points of doctrine on which they take opposite views, and which are so startingly like dogmas which have split Christianity as to leave one gasping, and wondering whether Christian Doctors of Divinity were reincarnated Hindu Vaishnavas, or vice versâ.

Here are some of these differences:

1 Whether or not Lakshmi (the Feminine counterpart or Shakti of Vishnu) is co-omnipresent and co-infinite with Vishnu.

2 Whether Lakshmi is only the Mediatrix, or is the co-bestower of Moksha (Salvation).

3 Whether there is or not a graduated Moksha attainable according to the respective merits of the Blest.

4 Whether Prapatti, or unconditional surrender of the soul to God (Conversion) should be sudden, and performed once for all.

5 Whether this Prapatti is open to all, or only to those specially prepared (Select and Predestined).

6 Whether works and knowledge are necessary to Salvation, or only Faith.

Somebody, it seems, has been plagiarising badly, but who? Or, is it after all, just what we should expect, if we believe in reincarnation?

We may conclude with a consideration of a further difference between Tengalai and Vadagalai, in illustrating the relation between the Soul and God, or between the disciple and his Guru. The southerners say it is like the relation between a cat and kitten. The helpless kitten has to be carried by the mother-cat, who grasps it in her mouth. So let the soul abandon itself helplessly to God, or the disciple to his Guru. Not so, say the Northerners, but the soul should be like the young monkey, that clings on to the mother as she leaps with it, from bough to bough, into safety.

Are we kittens, or monkeys? H. V.

Buddhist Stories—XXII

Good Company is Everything

THE story goes that a number of ocean-faring merchants once sailed out to sea in a ship, and were tossed about by the fury of the waves. As the ship sailed on, when seven days out in mid-ocean, it was heaved up atop of a mighty wave and began to fill with water.

As the vessel plunged downwards, the crew began to call aloud, each one on the name of his own God, with loud lamentations, imploring Him to save.

Now in the midst of the crew was a certain man who thought to himself:

"Is there any refuge for me from this panic fear?" Then pondering over his own blameless life, and remembering the Refuges and Moralities (of the Buddha) he sat down cross-legged like a yogi.

The others asked him why he was not afraid, and he said to them: "Well, my lads, when I came abroad the vessel, on that very day I had given offerings to the Order of Brethren, and I undertook the Refuges and the Moralities. That's why I'm not afraid."

"Why, Master," said they, "may others do so too?"

"Yes, they may," said he.

"Then, pray, give us the Refuges and the Precepts too."

So he divided the crew into seven companies of one hundred each, and then gave them in turn the Five Precepts. As the first company took the Precepts the water was about their ankles. The second company were up to the knees' the third were up to the thighs in the water. The fourth company took the Precepts standing waist-deep; the sixth were up to the neck in the waves, and the seventh company had the salt water pouring into their mouths.

Thus all in turn took the Precepts. Whereupon he addressed them, saying:

"There is no other Refuge for you than these. Now fix your minds on these Precepts," and so stirred them to devotion that those seven hundred men met their end with fortitude. Owing to this taking of the Precepts at the moment of death all of them were at once reborn in the Heaven of the Thirty-three Devas, with auras according to their development, while the man who was their teacher was in the midst of them, clothed with an aura of a hundred leagues and more. The others formed his retinue, with auras of at least twenty leagues' extent.

At the very moment they were thus reborn in heaven they bethought them of their deeds, and knowing that all this was due to their teacher, they said: "Come, let's go to the Lord of the Ten Powers and sing in His presence the praises of our teacher."

So in the middle watch of the night they drew near to the Exalted One, when the night was far spent, shedding radiance with their glorious beauty over the whole Jeta Grove. So they came into His Presence, and having so come, they saluted Him and stood aside. As they thus stood, one of those Devas sang this verse to the Exalted One, telling of their teacher's praises:

> With goodly men keep company,
> Of goodly men seek company.
> To know how good men live their lives
> Makes better men, not worse.

Then five others, each in his turn, sang the verse, each one adding to it a line of his own, thus:

> Such knowledge giveth wisdom, as naught else.

and

> Who knoweth this weeps not when others weep.

and

> Such shines amid his kinsmen gloriously.

and

> Such beings in the heavens are reborn.

and

> Such men for ever stand in happiness.

Then said the seventh Deva to the Exalted One: "Which of us, O Lord hath spoken well?"

Then said the Master: "Ye have all spoken well. But listen now to me."

> With goodly men keep company,
> Of goodly men seek company.
> To know how good men live their lives
> Can set us free from every ill.

(Trans. from the Commentary on *Sanyutta Nikâya*, i. 16.) F. L. WOODWARD

A Man of the Hour

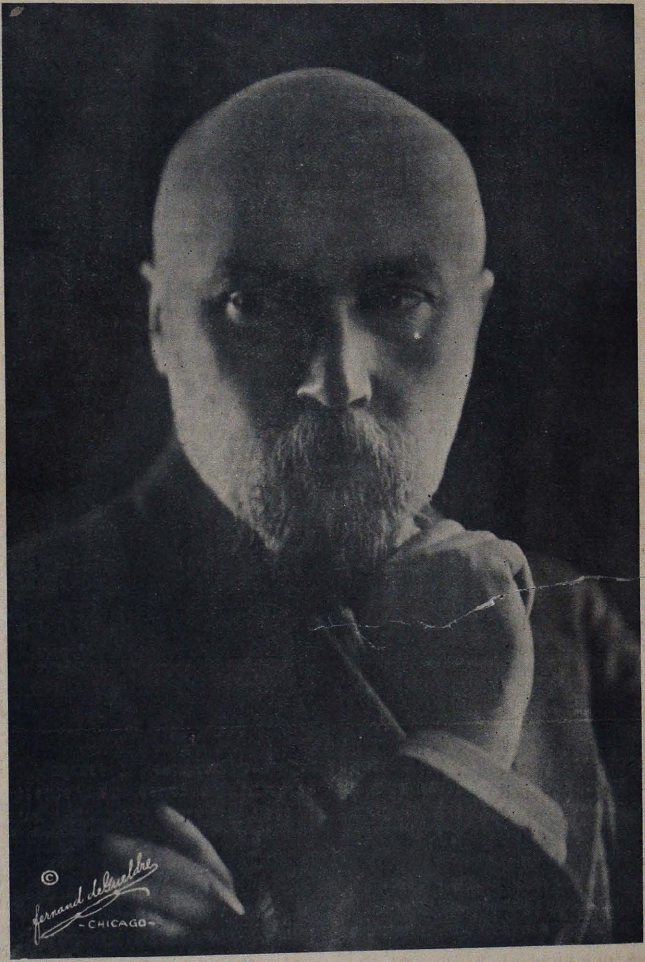
NICHOLAS ROERICH

BY I. DE MANZIARLY

THE study of the life of great people is fascinating, for one always hopes to solve the riddle of Greatness. But the riddle of Greatness is not to be solved. Every great man is exceptional and unique.

Studying the life of the famous Russian painter, Nicholas Roerich, who is a thinker and a poet as well, one is struck by its purposefulness. The needle of his life-compass invariably points in the same direction: Spirituality and Beauty.

He is a son of a lawyer, destined by his father for the same career. No outward artistic influence seems to have moulded his tendencies. It was Nature and his own Spirit that shaped him. Rambling in fields and forests, his soul was steeped in beauty and mystery. One delightful episode is that in which the boy of fourteen, with one of his friends, excavated a tumulus, an ancient mound, as one finds them in Russia. This thrill of the "forbidden" and joy of discovery is his first archæological experience, to be followed by many others. From that hour the past becomes alive for him and mysterious death melts into Eternal Life. At that time, in his soul, science and beauty are wedded and create a specific harmony which companions him all his life. What means struggle and life for others, becomes a synthesis for him. And when the choice of a career comes, there is no painful dilemma as for so



PROF. NICKOLAS ROERICH
The World-Renowned Artist-Painter

many young people. No! He can obey the wish of his father and study law, and at the same time fulfil the command of his own soul and study art. That means hard work, but hard work will be the rule of this life, the undertaking of an almost impossible task, the preparation of a vast universalism.

We find young Nicholas facing his double aim and attaining it. Successful law examinations, which please his family, alternate with artistic successes. There is no premature admiration, no overheating by praise and prophesies for the future from his surroundings. No, the artist will be recognised only when his work will speak for itself, when everyone will be forced to acknowledge his achievement. This studious youth is a splendid example of learning and inspiration, a training of mind as well as heart and hand. Roerich discovers very early the mystery of using rightly his time, working steadily, without haste, not over-zealous, keeping his soul open to inspiration, capable of expressing the wonderful vision of a spirit, providing the knowledge and art for this expression; and recognition comes soon, one of his first pictures being purchased for a famous Art Gallery in Moscow. After that, in 1900, he goes abroad to Paris and comes in contact with western Europe. That is a step which has a manifold importance. He studies with French masters and acquires new knowledge, but always remains himself; better to say, becomes more and more what he essentially is. And the broadening is not only concerned with his art; in his soul it takes place too, and his National patriotism turns by and by into a wide Internationalism. The Mystic in him awakens and embraces all times and all spaces. As he is to become universal, the limits of epoch and country must be overstepped. The themes of his pictures are mostly chosen from Russia's past. Has he not to be the discoverer of a special Russian beauty yet concealed, to become the inspirer of a whole group of archæologists and lovers of Russia? He feels the poetry of the North and its past; and his pictures: "Idols," "Guest from Overseas," "The Wooden Town in Winter," speak of it, and show already his specific qualities of color and of decorativeness, which translate so well his vision. Every line and tint express his idea. Is it not this which belongs so specially to Roerich, which explains the impression, the influence of his art? It is a spiritual conception expressed by pure beauty. Everything which is not essential is discarded. Has he not said that "Masks in Art are loathsome"? There are no effects, no fillings, no exaggeration. Simple, strong and true, so true, so simple and so strong that the highest purest summits are reached. When Nicholas Konstantinovitch comes back to Russia from his journey, he becomes Secretary of the Society for the Encouragement of Fine Arts in Russia and a member of its Council; a very active life begins for the young artist. He writes articles, gives lectures, organises exhibitions and works in many different ways. It is really exceptional for a creative artist, who is a Mystic at heart, to be such a practical idealist. He has a talent for organisation and everything he does is well done. And from that moment his life flows fuller and richer with every year and his art becomes more and more significant. Several other journeys abroad and in Russia bring him in touch with new beauties, new revelations. His pictures become an expression of mystic spirituality and his historical subjects give place to religious ones. It is impossible to indicate all he has done. His archæological and architectural studies, his help in the revival of Russian applied arts and crafts, and the progress in his paintings are really astonishing. Nothing escapes his influence. His reforms in the School for the Encouragement of Fine Arts in Russia during his directorship brought fundamental changes in Russian artistic education and created new possibilities and new realisations. All the outer recognition, his election as Russian academician and member of other academies abroad, are only indications of his influence and capacities. But fame, glory and success did not shallow this wonderful man. Other results had yet to be obtained, his sacred mission was not yet fulfilled, and probably a new chapter of his life began with the moment when, in 1917, he left Russia with his family.

A homeless wanderer? Nay, a citizen of the world, visiting all places to which he belongs, and bringing his message to all people. He

begins with the North, with Scandinavia, England, and arrives in 1920 in New York! There his exhibition creates almost a sensation, and its tour through America, which included twenty-one cities, closes only in 1923. Almost all the pictures are bought for private collections and museums, and everywhere the public is deeply impressed. To be able to influence the people still further Roerich founds in 1921 his "Master Institute of United Arts," where his convictions that "Art will unify all humanity," and that "Art has its many branches yet is all one," will be applied, and there will be classes for all the arts, music, painting, sculpture, opera, ballet, drama, etc. The following year "Corona Mundi," an international Art Centre, is founded.

This Art Centre creates the Roerich Museum in New York, where his beautiful pictures speak unceasingly of his message and radiate the powerful reality of his inspiration. And now we find the artist in the Orient, closing almost the ring of his wanderings, which still have not come to an end.

Looking at what is already achieved, we cannot but wonder at the gospel of his art. Roerich is an apostle and a prophet, he serves Spirit and redeems mankind by the truth of his Beauty. There exist other painters whom we may call religious painters, such as many of the Italian and Flemish primitives, some of the pre-Raphaelites, or modern men like Maurice Denis. But all these artists belonged to one special civilisation, to one special creed, whereas Roerich is universal. Northern mythology, Christian mysticism, the Mettianic hope is in settings of all climes; later the series of Buddhist tradition and the Himâlayan mystery speak of every aspect of religious aspiration and are treated with the same understanding, the same sympathetic emotion. No country, no creed can claim him as exclusively its own, and at the same time every continent, every religion owes him a new discovery and new enlightenment. He belongs to all; his message is universal; in him, as a Russian, the East and the West truly meet in a wonderful synthesis.

In his art one sees the achievement of Universal Unity. There is no struggle, no exclusion, no unbridgeable opposition; in the Spirit of Truth and Beauty everything has its place and blends in the harmony of infinite diversity.

In his pictures we see the fulfilment of our hope, and to this hope Roerich has given himself entirely. In this sense he is a prophet, because his kingdom of harmony will entirely be established one day on earth. This great artist, painter, poet, works for the future, opening the gate, preparing the path for the Triumphant Spirit. It is this which makes him unique. This is the pole to which the needle of his compass points his whole life without wavering. Every year Roerich gives us new revelations, and so it will be to the last day of his life. Then and then only the harvest will be complete. But even when one looks to the part, to what has been already achieved, one cannot but admire its purposefulness, its plan. Every picture reveals the message; every poetical and profound word, supports it; every step is a step towards the goal.

Verily Spirit is the directive force of this life, and the great Artist his obedient servant.

Men cannot benefit those that are with them as they can benefit those who come after them; and of all the pulpits from which human voice is ever sent forth there is none from which it reaches so far as from the grave......Every human action gains in honor, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come. It is the far sight, the quiet and confident patience, that above all other attributes separate man from man and near him to his Maker; and there is no action nor art whose majesty we may not measure by this test.

Therefore when we build let us think that we build for ever...and let us think as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them: "See! this our fathers did for us."

—Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture*

The Youth Movement

THE KNIGHTHOOD OF YOUTH

ORGANISATION of the Knighthood of Youth, composed of boys throughout the country, to combat the crime wave, was announced by Dr. John H. Finley, President of the National Child Welfare Association. Charles H. De Forest, an authority on Child Welfare work, will direct the new association.

A "Daily Dozen for Character Building" is part of a four years' course worked out by educators as an item in the training of a knight. A typical dozen from the daily exercises is as follows:

1—I said only what I believed to be true.

2—I left books, clothes, toys and tools in their places at the close of the day.

3—I did not take or keep anything belonging to another without the owner's consent.

4—I tried hard to keep my temper.

5—I tried to do all the health chores required to keep well and grow stronger.

6—I did not postpone to a later day anything I ought to have done to-day.

7—I have saved some money received this week and expect to keep it in a bank or spend it only usefully. I have given some money to help other people.

8—I did nothing to "get even with" any one who has wronged me, knowing that vengeance always injures the seeker.

9—In all play I was fair. Winning or losing, I was courteous and a good sport.

10—I practised good manners. I was considerate and polite. I was not vulgar or profane in speech.

11—I let no cowardice nor fear of ridicule interfere with any good plan of mine.

12—I was loyal to my family and school, to my country and its laws. I tried to do my share in promoting the welfare of all.

"The biggest tax in America is the cost of crime," said Mr. De Forest. "The total levy which crime of all kinds places on the country is probably not less than $10,000,000,000 a year, which is about three times as much as it cost the United States Government to conduct its business, including all of its Departments, during 1924."

Honors are to be given to the boys who maintain a high standard in their work. These honors represent degrees in the knighthood—esquire, knight, knight banneret and knight constant. Tournaments and ceremonies for knighting members are a part of the programme.

Among those who have endorsed the plan are Professor E. Hershey Sneath of Yale, Dr. Ira S. Wile and C. J. Atkinson, Y. M. C. A. College; Mrs. A. H. Reeve, President of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers; H. S. Braucher of the Playground and Recreation Association of America; Louis Kraft of the Jewish Welfare Board, Professor Franklin W. Johnson of Columbia, Dr. George J. Fisher of the Boy Scouts of America, R. C. Sheldon of the Big Brothers, and Big Sisters' Federation, and Roy S. Wallace of the Community Service.

Youth's Heritage

There was probably never yet a generation of time-worn elders who did not look upon the youth of its day as stubborn, wilful and foolishly impervious to the wisdom of experienced age, says the London *Times*. There was certainly never yet a generation of impetuous youth that did not look upon its seniors as hidebound, obstructive and effete.

In other days, youth's straining at the leash of elderly authority was more veiled and indirect. To-day youth does not shrink from speaking with the adversary at the gate. The giddy pace of world events in these latter years, and the obligation inescapably laid upon the peoples to disentangle right from wrong, to choose between them, and to take the stupendous consequences, have made the rising generation quick to see their looming responsibilities, unusually articulate about them, and firmly set on mapping a conscious course and steering it for themselves.

What Youth Asks

They reject the claims of any elder statesmen to lay down the law and to mark the bounds for them. They are not overawed by the *ipse dixit* of any authority. If they ask for help at all, it is only for help to help themselves. In clear tones they protest.

As an undergraduate speaker recently put it at a public meeting youth, asks for trust and for a chance to make its own mistakes.

And, of course, both must be given to it. The demand is for no more than rightful inheritance. Battered middle-age, looking back wearily on its own tempestuous passage, longs to spare the rising generation all the storms it can. It would have them start from the height to which it has itself laboriously climbed. None other is the father's feeling for the son, whose tender steps he yearns to

plant securely in the larger foothold which he has carved out for himself.

The impulse is natural, but its foundations are infirm. It implies a material and even mechanical view of the making of a soul. It assumes that wisdom and character can be willed away to bequeath to youth a royal road into its kingdom, instead of the old and thorny path of doubts, heart-searchings and wrestlings of the spirit. It would impose a peace of the soul which youth would call a desert of lethargy and stagnation.

Price of Immunity

For youth's heritage is not the rounded and flawless system, or the all-embracing formula. The very law of its growth it that it shall by its own blood and tears test every dogma, prove every precept. Cautious age may even relearn a lesson from the innocents whom it seeks to save and shelter. The years blur the perception that strife and pain are not sheer loss, but are rather the conditions of advance. Anæsthesia is no less alarming a symptom in the moral sphere than in the physical. Settled comfortably into the hard shell of convention, habit and tradition, a man may pride himself on being proof at last against the slings and arrows of doubt and fearfulness. But the price of his immunity is the forfeiture of the power of further growth. One who has husbanded the heritage of youth should still be ready to cry, even with failing breath:

Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

Reward Refused

Yoshirô Sumai, 14 years old, a first year student of the Kyoka Middle School in Ochanomizu, who found a diamond ring, valued at 10,000 Yen, in a Ford bus, a few days ago, contributed the reward of 500 Yen given him by Mr. Tomoichi Shirakawa, the owner of the ring, to the fund for the construction of the school building. His honesty and his devotion to the School brought another reward of a bicycle, which cost Mr. Shirakami 100 Yen.

Animal Life on Everest

LITTLE SPIDERS AT THE TOP

Major R. W. G. Hingston, naturalist to the Mount Everest Expedition of 1924, lectured before the Royal Geographical Society in mail week on "Animal Life at High Altitudes".

Tibet, he pointed out, is a mountainous desert—empty, bleak, and bare—at an elevation of about 14,000 feet. The rainfall is scanty. The atmosphere is so dry that the skin and nails split, and the ordinary decomposition of flesh is prevented.

Fierce winds blow across the desert from the main range that might be compared with the Sirocco or the Shamal, frequently raising vortices of dust which career over the empty plain. Yet there is multitudinous life.

The wild sheep and mountain hares," said Major Hingston, "struggle up the ranges even to the barren slopes at 17,000 feet. There is a little redstart which places its nest at the same inhospitable height.

There were grasshoppers at 18,000 feet, nearest the furthest limit of vegetable growth. We frequently saw the magnificent lammergeier soaring round the mountain at 20,000 feet. We found bees, moths and butterflies at 21,000 feet, spiders at 22,000 feet, and choughs at the immense height of 27,000 feet.

"We found traces of a permanent animal existence far above the Himâlayan snow-line, and 4,000 feet above the last vegetable growth. These were small spiders, and are the highest existing animals on the earth.

"They live in islands of broken rock surrounded by snow and ice. There is no sign of vegetation or living creature near them, and for food they eat one another."

Illustrating the force of the wind, Major Hingston said the Expedition Base Camp stood in a contracted gorge through which the wind poured down from the mountain to the plain. Round about the Camp were piles of boulders which the Rongbuk Glacier had deposited in the gorge.

These boulders were remarkably eroded by the wind. Deep pits and furrows had been eaten into them; they were polished, and broad grooves had been cut into their surface, in places an inch in depth. They were composed of granite and recently deposited, yet from their windward side they looked like lumps of coral, while their sheltered surface was ordinarily smooth.

To react against such fierce winds the mammals were often clothed in thicker coats of hair.

The yak had next its body a layer of wool over which was a hairy coat hanging down like an apron.

When the yak was feeding with its back to the wind its thick tail acted as a kind of wind-proof screen, the long hair around the hind legs added to the shield, while the head, being kept low, was sheltered by the body and protected above by the hairy mane.—*Leader*

What is an Electric Current?

BY T. S. NATARAJAN, M. A.

A DIRECT answer to this question is difficult. We may, in a way, describe the cause. It is due to certain events or effects happening in the space-filling ether. But what are those events and what is the nature of the effect? In spite of the advancement made both on the practical and theoretical side, we are still in the region of conjecture.

The actual discovery of current electricity was in the closing year of the 18th century (1799). It was recognised from the very early times that certain species of water-animals—gymonatus, torpedo, silurus—produced electric shocks, stunning animals on the shores. Among those interested in animal electricity was a physician and Professor of Anatomy in Bologna, by name Galvani. It was by mere accident that he was led to the great discovery of current electricity. It is told that Galvani's wife was in poor health and was ordered to eat frog's legs. The Professor of Anatomy usually prepared them himself. One day (November 6, 1780) he performed this operation on a table near the conductor of a charged electric machine. After taking off their skins, he left the room. His wife chanced to hold the scalpel near the machine, while the end of the scalpel touched the exposed crural nerve of the frog. A spark passed and the leg convulsed violently. She immediately ran to her husband and narrated the twitching of the frog's leg. Galvani now set about to discover the cause. The necessary conditions were to touch a nerve with a metal and to have a spark. By a series of experiments he located the source of electricity in the nerve. His historic observations were of startling novelty and astonished scientific men everywhere.

Among those who further experimented and investigated was Volta, Professor of Physics in the University of Pavia. With his philosophical insight, he demonstrated to the acceptance of the scientific men that whenever two metals and a liquid are combined to make a circuit, an electric current is produced. The movement of the frog's legs *indicated* only the presence of an electric current but did not produce the current. His chief invention is the construction of the Electric or Voltaic Pile. Two dissimilar plates, say, zinc and copper, were placed in contact. Over this was placed a piece of flannel or blotting paper moistened with water or brine. Then followed another pair of zinc and copper plates, and soon, each pair of plates being separated by a moist conductor. Such a pile, consisting of a dozen or more pairs of plates, multiplied the effect of a single pair. Then he improved his pile and constructed the first Voltaic Cell. This he called "Couronne de Tasses" or Crown of Cups. It consisted of a series of cups containing brine or dilute acid. Strips were made, half zinc and half copper, and bent V shaped. The zinc was dipped into one cup and copper end into another. Volta's Pile and Crown of Cups labored under the defect of rapid diminution of the current after some time, Improvements were made in the construction of the cell—in form and nature of the liquid—and other substances like platinum, carbon, etc., were substituted for copper.

Volta originated the useful term *electromotive force,* to describe the cause producing this electrical separation or transfer at the place where the metals touch. By connecting the copper of the last cell with the zinc of the first cell by means of a metallic wire, we complete a circuit. This connecting wire exhibits new and peculiar properties which are described by saying that an *electric current* is flowing. It was found that a magnetic field is produced by an electric current and conversely also that an electric current is induced by a magnetic field. This is really seen in an induction coil or the familiar Faradic Battery.

Hertz made a great advance and he showed that *electric waves* are conveyed into the surrounding space by alternating currents of high frequency. But he died before he could achieve much. Sir J. C. Bose took up this idea and constructed apparatus, so that he produced these electric waves at the Presidency College, Calcutta. By a suitable receiver placed in his house at a distance of more than a mile, he could detect the waves transmitted from the College. This is the beginning of wireless transmission. Signor Marconi has developed these principles logically and on commercial lines, so that we find to-day the concert in another part of the world easily heard by a laborer on his farm. The only thing he wants is a wireless-set and a station near by.

It is now only a century and a quarter since Volta discovered electric current. It has become a giant, able to do any work, great or small, crude or delicate. A number of theories have been suggested as to the exact nature of the root cause of observed effects. But they are all conjectural. I am sure that adepts who can see with their own eyes the form and constitution of hydrogen and oxygen, benzene and napthalene to come soon, will one day tell us all about it. Let us hope for the day.

The Story of the Flag

ITS SAINTS—SAINT PATRICK

BY E. ST. JOHN HART

THERE is an old song in which the line occurs: "S. Patrick was a gentleman." This is wholly and literally true, as his name proves. Patrick is a derivative of Patricius, and Patricius—as also Augustus—was the term sanctioned by custom and practice in the Roman world to denote a gentleman or a nobleman, even down to the beginning of the seventh century. There is certainly a tradition that his real name was Succat, but he speaks of himself in his writings as Patrick, and surely a man's testimony as to his own name should stand.

Unlike many of the Saints, S. Patrick has left us some of his own writings. They consist of two Latin pieces—the priceless *Confessions* and an *Epistle*, unbraiding one Coroticus—a Welsh Christian marauder, for killing and enslaving some young Irish Christian converts. Scanty as these are, they yet serve to answer the scepticism that would deny that he ever existed.

S. Patrick was born about A. D. 396, at Nemthur, at the Clyde end of the wall of Antoninus, where now stands Dumbarton. He was of noble birth, as he himself tells us. His boyhood must have been surrounded by comfort and refinement, both at Nemthur, and at the small country place near the town of Bannavem Taberniæ, south of the wall of Severus, to which his family retired, possibly for greater security, as the more northerly Roman garrisons were withdrawn.

His grandfather was Potitus, a Roman priest; his mother, Conchies or Conchessa, is, by some, said to be a sister of S. Martin, of Tours. His father, Calpurnius, was a decurio, or magistrate, an office of much dignity and importance in such an area of military posts and camps—the Roman garrisons along the wall about that time numbering nearly 12,000 troops.

But if safety was the consideration that prompted the withdrawal to the vicinity of Bannavem, it availed them nothing. It was from that country villa that Patrick was kidnapped when he had reached the age of fifteen. A band of Irish marauders raided the place one night and swept him, along with some of his father's slaves and others, into their ship. After a stormy voyage of several days, the wild gang landed with their captives in a bay on the north coast of Ireland. Patrick was sold as a slave to the petty chief Miluic, of the valley of Braid, who set him to tending cattle on Slemish Mountain, in the centre of County Antrim.

To be suddenly taken by force from the comforts and amenities that marked the high Roman civilisation of that day, and made the thrall of a savage Irish chieftain, might well have brutalised, if it did not kill the youth. But Patrick endured hard slavery for six long years, tending cattle in rain, ice and snow, suffering from hunger and exposure and maltreatment of all kinds—and yet preserved his natural sweetness of disposition. Of all the miracles ascribed to him, surely none of them is equal to this.

He was a born enthusiast, and his tendency to indulge in prayer and meditation was doubtless fostered by the lonely life he led on his mountain. He had many visions, some of which were destined to bear fruit in later life, but all were dominated by the vision that haunts the sleeping and waking thoughts of all captives—the dream of liberty—of escape.

He realised that dream after six years of slavery. Somehow he reached Killala Bay, on the west coast, and as that, roughly, is 150 miles from Antrim, as the crow flies, his journey across the wild country as a fugitive and penniless slave, must have been a great and perilous adventure. Arrived at Killala Bay, then much frequented by sea-rovers and other shipping, he made several futile efforts to secure a passage, in the intervals of lying concealed in the woods.

At last, one day he succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of the crew of a vessel used for the export of Irish wolf-hounds, the master of which had rebuffed him on finding that he had no money for his passage. As she was on the point of sailing, his dejection moved the sailors to take him aboard, and, after a voyage of several days, they landed somewhere in the north of Scotland, and for four weeks wandered about in a state of starvation. This was relieved by their chancing on a herd of swine, and they thus were enabled to make a long march southward till they came to the more settled districts, where for a time Patrick rested.

It may well have been at this period, that he was again the victim of a slave raid, and was carried off to Ireland for a second time. But on this occasion his captivity was brief, for he made his escape in

two months, and at last went home to his kith and kindred.

There was nothing surprising in all this. It was an age of relentless war, and slaves and plunder were in demand. The bays and creeks of the west and north-west of Ireland afforded secure retreats for fleets of sea-rovers. The coast of Antrim swarmed with pirates, who, watching their opportunity, would swoop down on the shores of Britain wherever the Roman garrisons were weak or non-existent. For Rome, still great on land, was not great on the water, and had made no effort—possibly could make no effort—to police the narrow seas. Patrick reached home at last, and was again among his family and friends, who received him joyfully.

After such dire experiences most men would have regarded Ireland with aversion, but not only did he cherish no resentment, but no sooner was he in comfort and security and surrounded by loving associations, than he conceived the noble idea of devoting his life to the conversion of the Irish.

He tells us that his kindred besought him, after such tribulations, not to part from them again, but he said he must go. Full of his mission, he dreamed that a man named Victoricus came to him, bearing innumerable epistles, one of which, in the beginning of it, contained the words, "The voice of the Irish"; whilst repeating these words, he says: "I imagined that I heard in my mind the voice of those who were near the wood of Fochlad, which is near the western sea, and thus they cried: 'We pray thee, holy youth, to come and henceforward walk amongst us'." The wood referred to was that wherein he lay concealed on the shores of Killala Bay, while waiting for a boat to make his escape from slavery.

Some years went by in qualifying for his mission by studying for the priesthood, most probably at *Candida Casa*, the monastic institution and church of Whithorn, in south Wigtownshire, founded by S. Ninian in 397, and dedicated to S. Martin of Tours. Patrick was about thirty when he entered on his mission and went to Ireland while still a priest, about 425.

He first landed at the town of Wicklow, and thence sailed north to convert Miluic, whom for six years he had served as a slave. Miluic was Chief of the northern Dalriada, and on learning that Patrick was approaching, he gathered all his goods and treasure into his house, barricaded himself in, and setting the place on fire, thus destroyed himself and his home in sight of his former slave.

In the County Down, he converted another chief namnd Dichu. On their first meeting, Dichu raised his sword to strike the apostle dead; but his action was arrested by the calm fearlessness of the priest, and as he stood thus irresolute, he could not fail to listen to Patrick's words, yielded gradually to his argument and persuasion, and ended by complete submission. It was Dichu who bestowed upon him the first church that Patrick possessed in Ireland.

Now, taking his life in his hands, as he so often did in the course of his mission, Patrick set out for Tara in the County Meath, at that period, the central point of meeting for the Kings and Chiefs of most of the tribes of Ireland. It was the occasion of their great Easter Feast called the "Fes of Tara," and offered a fine chance to speak to the Chiefs while they were all together.

He began by lighting a fire in sight of the palace of Laoghaire, King of Tara. Doubtless, he knew that the fires is every house in Ireland had to be put out on the night of the "Fes of Tara," and that the penalty for lighting one was death. This fine audacity had the desired effect of causing Patrick to be brought into the circle of Laoghaire and his friends, the King having said he should die for his offence.

At first the attitude of the chieftains was threatening, their manner insulting, their temper dangerous. But in the end, Patrick prevailed; he preached to that wild assembly with eloquence and sincerity; he made many converts; he departed unscathed. Laoghaire, however, refused to become a Christian. He would die, he said, as he had lived, always a fighting King, and he would be "buried on the heights of Tara, as it is with men who stand up in battle"—and he was. But he pledged his word that Patrick should not be killed in his kingdom, and the future Saint proceeded to Connaught, Mayo, Ulster, and as far as Cashel in the south.

Everywhere he was accompanied by the beloved boy disciple, Benignus, who, one night when he was sleeping by a river-side, came with an armful of sweet-smelling flowers to lay on his breast. The boy was told not to waken the sleeper, but S. Patrick stood up and said: "This lad will yet be a great man, and he will take up my work after me."

Patrick was consecrated as bishop in about 441, in the forty-fifth year of his age and the fifteenth year of his mission. Many Chiefs refused to hear him; he had much hard work and ran much danger. A vast amount of paganism still existed at his death. Yet he Christianised a great number and was enabled, almost by his own unaided

efforts, to found churches and schools, and educate a priesthood, and thus provide the most effective and certain means of converting the whole people.

Unquestionably he was a great missionary—probably the greatest the world has ever known. He combined all the driving force and exaltation of the enthusiast, with the prudence, the tactfulness, the restraint, the foresight and the breadth of view of the finest type of Roman statesman. And to all this was added a dauntless courage, a kindly sympathy, and a most lovable personality. Beyond all other men he thoroughly understood the basic tribal instinct of the Irish, and thus knew that he must *first* secure and convert the chief in order to succeed with the clan, and this is what he always did.

He died at the age of 73, at the place which Dichu had given him in County Down, leaving to succeeding generations the memory not only of a holy Saint, but also of a very forceful and noble man.—*The Scouter*

The Secret of Good Judgment

BY DR. FRANK CRANE

ALL of us would like to know how to form correct judgments of the people we meet.

If you are an employer of workers it goes without saying that to be able to estimate correctly an applicant's qualifications is a valuable gift. So also if you have to make political appointments, to supervise teachers, to manage children, or even to select a cook.

But good judgment of character is an asset toward one's own comfort and peace of mind, for it is bitter to be deceived, and when one's confidence is abused it leaves a deep hurt.

In preparing ourselves to judge people, the main thing is to look inside ourselves, since most of our errors come from our own defects. Pass by, therefore, all phrenology and other systems whereby character is supposed to be indicated by bumps on the head, the shape of the nose, mouth, eye, and so forth. These things may have value, but there is something else that has greater value, and that is one's own state of mind.

The best judge of all is love. If you detest a person, if you feel an instinctive antipathy, do not undertake to form any opinion of him whatever, for any notion you may conceive of him is pretty sure to be wrong. Your love may not necessarily be ardent, but at least you must wish him well and be kindly disposed before you can gauge him at all. Set that down, acknowledge fairly that it is impossible to be just and to hate.

Second, you must be honest. If you are crafty, devious and unfair you can never know the truth. No man can see the honesty in another unless he has it in himself.

Third, you must strip yourself of pride, egoism, and the sensitiveness that goes with these failings. If you are touchy in your self-esteem, there is a veil over your eyes; you cannot see other souls, but can only perceive the shadow of your own.

An excessively proud and sensitive person is apt to be a fool. He will cherish the meanest and most unworthy of his fellows, if only they flatter him. All one has to do to gain his regard is to waft incence to his nose. On the other hand, he cannot understand how any one can be virtuous, capable, or right who fails to be obsequious to him.

You must likewise be open-minded. You must be able to keep your judgment suspended. To come to a conclusion and then to stick to a decision, simply because you have made it, is stubborness and vanity; it is not judicial firmness.

As you mingle with men and women you will find but few genuinely open minds. Most people are slaves to prejudice, to opinions crudely formed and foolishly clung to.

Don't try to be consistent. Be honest. And it is mighty hard to be both. "Consistency," said a philosopher, "is the hobgoblin of little minds."

You must have imagination, for without that you cannot "put yourself in his place".

And lastly, you must have faith in human nature, and believe that as a rule men and women want to do what is right, and hate themselves when they do wrong.

Those who seem to be thoroughly bad have in reality deceived themselves by ignorance, inexperience, specious reasoning, and lack of vision.

If only the pure in heart see God, as the Good Book says, it is equally true that only the mind that has purified itself can see and correctly judge a fellow human being.—*Current Opinion*

The First Negro Elected Judge

(From the *Literary Digest*, U. S. A.)

AN lpochal scene will presently be enacted in one of the divisions of Chicago's Municipal Court, point out several editors, when there will ascend to its Bench Albert Bailey George, the Negro just elected Municipal Judge on the Republican ticket by 470,000 votes. In the past a Negro here and there has been appointed judge, notably Robert H. Terrell of Washington, we are told, but this is the first election of one to a regular judicial office.

At a time when religious and racial hatreds in the United States are at red heat, says Lester Walton in the New York *World*, this marks far more than a victory for the Negro race. It is regarded in Chicago by white and colored voters alike, says he, as a victory for tolerance. The enrolled Negro vote of Chicago, he points out, does not exceed 60,000. Yet George's plurality over his nearest opponent ran up to 78,000. It proves, according to *The World*, that the majority of white voters considered the candidate's eligibility for office "lay in fitness and character—not the color of his skin". It was "a victory for the American spirit of fair play".

ROBERT H. TERRELL

The career of the tall, broad-shouldered man of 51, with the "fine high forehead, deep eyes alight with intelligence, and straight hair, gray at the temples," thus brought into the limelight, is etched in by Philip Kinsley of the Chicago *Tribune*, as follows:

He did not mix in partisan politics in a ward which is the most highly organised, politically, in the city, where the political power of the Negro has won preferment for many of his brothers. But there came political opportunity last spring, when the County Central Committee of the Republican Party sought a man who would arouse no antagonism and who had a record that could not be touched. George accepted their offer.

No superman, even to his own people, as he would be the first to admit, continues this writer, he is of that middle class that is the bulwark and hope of Afro-American life—"a Christian with the motto of service in his heart". Born in Washington, D. C., October 23, 1873, of approximately half-white blood on both sides of his family, we read, George graduated from public school and high school there, from the Northwestern University Law School in Chicago, in 1897, and has since worked hard at the practise of law in his dusty little book-littered office. He has identified himself, says the writer, with the Provident Hospital, the Masons, the Urban League, and every movement for better understanding between the races. He has been superintendent of the Grace Presbyterian Church Sunday School. His candidacy for judge was endorsed by the Bar Association.

That he will probably sit in a Court where most of the prison- ers will be of his own color, seems to be assumed. The Negro Louisville *News* quotes Chief Justice Harry Olsen of Chicago to the effect that "the colored people of Chicago are entitled to have one of their own number hear their cases".

Bantam Hen Mothers Litter of Airedales

WATERLOO, Ia.—In a barn in the rear of the home of Mark Rectfertig, police sergeant here, is domiciled a peculiar and interesting family. It consists of a large Airedale dog, her eight puppies and a bantam chicken.

The bantam has assumed the maternal job of sitting on four eggs when the puppies were born. Her nest was located on a shelf near the Airedale's kennel. When Sergeant Rectfertig went out to look after the puppies he found the little hen nestled in with the baby dogs, covering as much of a couple of them as her diminutive wings permitted. The chicken puppies and mother dog now jointly occupy the kennel in blissful harmony.—*Buffalo New York Times.*

The Charwoman

By L

I am going to tell you a simple little story of a wonderful sacrifice. It is one of those things that live eternally in the records of love, and which affect the whole world, for every sacrifice is a gift given to the world that none can take away. It can never die.

It is a simple story, as I have said, and I can only tell it in simple language. I know no other. She was just a Char-woman, one who went from house to house to sweep up, and then went to do the same at another house, looked down on by the household, servants included, often insulted, rudely treated by those who would, I am sure, call themselves gentlemen ; as if any gentleman could be rude to any one, and retain the name that denies all rudeness and embodies gentleness and forethought and compassion to all.

The Char-woman was a lady, she thought of others before herself. She was always very courteous; if the "gentle men" or "ladies" were rude to her she would say: "They know no better, they have no time with all their money," and it was true they had no time to study the courtesies of life, and the Char-woman could have given them several points here. When her work allowed it, she would study as she did her work, for she was always given that to do which no one else would do, and work that needed little or no thought. When she went home at night, she would go over her day's work, and put it "before the Lord to see if He were satisfied". She used to say: "That is all that matters, not what these ignorant folk say"—referring to the master and mistress where she worked. Now the house to which she referred was owned by very rich people, people in "society," who thought themselves great people and looked on the Char-woman as dirt.

She had one child to keep, the others had gone to situations, carefully chosen by their wonderful mother. She was a widow, her husband had worked on the railway and was killed in an accident, and she had worked and brought up five in the city of London, with very little money and all in one room, kept spotlessly clean. "Poor dears," she used to say, "they shall have a clean home as long as I have legs to stand upon, and then they have a 'Home' to come to and need not be in the street."

Her life was a sacrifice ; seldom enough she might have a bit to give to those children, if they came home and wanted any. The day came when the large house was shut up. Her life was more precarious, and she was not able to get regular work, for she was not skilled in the things of this world, and had not been obliged to work so long as her husband lived. When one bit of work went, she had to seek another and was ever seeking something permanent, so as to relieve anxiety.

Now it chanced (if chance there be) that she came to char for a very sad couple that had met with great misfortune. They had been wealthy people, brought up to all the fair things of earth (as the world counts fair), and had lost all their money, not only not a sou left but a big debt of honor, if not a debt by law. This couple determined to work and pay off all that they felt was owing, and besides that they had to work for their living and keep themselves, no light task for those that have not been brought up to work for a living. The Char-woman came to them and saw at once that they were different to the people of "that street," and she was sorry for them, and worked hard and gave of her time ; it was all she had to give, she said, and she stayed and worked long hours for, as she said, she was "sorry for the poor sad people that belonged to a big house and servants, with no one but me".

And she worked and worked and gave and gave, and then came the great day which must have won heaven for her, for God is over all and sees and knows and remembers and loves with a great, great love.

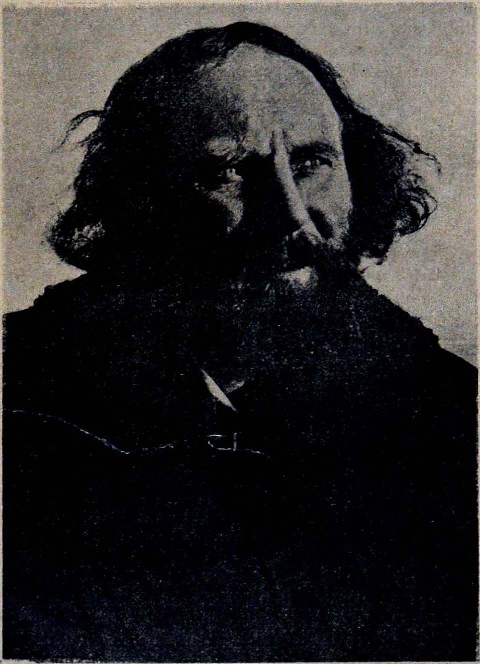
The railway on which her husband worked and on which he was killed had a vacancy, a permanent job for a woman, and she was first on the list, as her husband had been marked as a faithful worker, and she was offered the post for which she had yearned and waited and worked ; no more anxiety for food for herself or the child, a pension when she was not able to work and certain work so long as she was able. 18s. a week certain; it was a fortune in that it was sure board and lodging and she had so wanted it. Not one thought of self passed into that woman's mind ; she could not leave the poor sad couple, they needed her, and both would be sadder ; and "God had always looked after her, and she must look after the lady ; she could not tell her that she must leave ; her face would haunt her ; no, better go on as we are than hurt that lady". The lady had done nothing for the Char-woma,n

except to be humanly kind, and the Char-woman was ready to give up all her living, all that she had, and she did it and never told any one till long, long after. She kept this to herself and went on working and helping that couple and sought work, for the bit she did for them did not keep her, it only brought in 5s. a week. Years have passed, the debt of honor has been paid, but the debt to the Char-woman is a debt that God Himself looks after; so she and it are in His Keeping.

Movies as Teachers

THOROUGHGOING scientific investigation of the educational value of the motion picture is urged by Dr. Raymond Dodge, of the National Research Council. This enquiry, he suggests, should include fatigue-tests of the eyes after ordinary school work and after seeing movie-films of various lengths, as well as examinations to determine the accuracy and amount learned from the picture screen in comparison with results from the best oral instruction. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

Dr. Dodge explains that the human eye, in viewing the movies, is commonly subjected to three sources of fatigue. There is, first, a pursuit motion of the eye as a whole, in which it follows the moving objects on the screen. This is the most fatiguing type of eye-movement. In addition, there are likely to be gross changes in illumination in the occasional use of moving pictures in schools, due to the turning on and off of lights. Such illumination changes, if they are numerous, are fatiguing to the muscles of the iris. They force the pupil of the eye to expand and contract to adapt itself to the alternate changes. Finally, non-professional projection is apt to be blurred. The slightest blur in the picture may produce very fatiguing activity of the ciliary muscles that control the curvature of the lens. Blurred retinal images are the stimulus for refocussing the eye. When the object itself is blurred the eye can never correct it. But it keeps trying. This is one of the main reasons why projection pictures, both still and moving, tend to produce eye-strain. While all of these movements induce eye fatigue, he said, the human eyes in normal condition can stand a good deal.



Anton Lang, whose family has supplied the actor of the Christ's part in the Passion Play at Oberamergau

"Before moving pictures are conceded any important educational role," said Dr. Dodge, "we need to know just how this fatigue compares with that experienced by the eyes in ordinary school work, and just what length and quality of film is best for the eyes, and how often it is advisable to have movie lessons. All three kinds of fatigue of the eyes can be measured. Fatigue of the external muscles can now be determined by means of apparatus that takes continuous photographic records of the speed of eye movements, in the form of dotted lines. The slant of the lines shows the speed of eye movement and indicates the fatigue of the eye. Many universities are now equipped with such photographic apparatus for recording eye movements, including the University of Chicago, Columbia and Harvard."

"Besides being inferior from a mechanical standpoint and putting a strain upon the eyes," Dr. Dodge said, "some of the so-called educational pictures used to-day have such improbable plots and absurd incidents as to put a strain on human credulity as well. The stories woven around the facts to be presented are so improbable that they leave doubt in the spectator's mind as to the facts themselves."

"They naturally produce in the student's mind the tendency to regard the rest also as fiction," he said. "Like all untruths and false alarms they prejudice us against the real and important cases. The average person probably realises most of the time at a movie show that he is seeing shadows and not real people doing real things. Colored pictures and some means of giving depth and plasticity to the representation would help make them seem more real and would consequently make them more effective agencies of education."

"Just how much a film really gets across to children or adults can be accurately determined by suitable examinations or questions. A comparison of the effectiveness of film instruction and other kinds of school work is both possible and feasible."—*Literary Digest*

No More War: A Tale of old England

BY T. BESTERMAN

In the days before that Great War, which disturbed England and shook the world to its foundations, in those far back days, there dwelt in one of the most beautiful counties of this beautiful England of ours a most lovely youth with wavy golden hair, blue eyes, and a kindly heart. Needless to say that he was happy, for, indeed, he rejoiced in the glories that surrounded his parents' farmstead, in the waving grass of the meadows, in the purling rivulet that meandered its gentle way through the corn-field that lay just over the poppy-scattered hillock, from which the green water could be seen to merge greyish into the blue of infinity. And, above all, he rejoiced in the beauty of a happy home.

One day, it was at the height of summer, the village bell-man came tramping to the house; though he seemed hot enough, he yet wore a most perturbed appearance on his jolly, rubicund face. With one hand he tolled his bell and with the other he waved a most strange broadsheet: it bore, darkly painted, an outstretched, pointing finger with the legend: "We want You." Alas for our blue-eyed golden lad! He saw the quaint device and not knowing, puzzled, he went. "Did not the bell-man say the King, God bless him, wanted our lad?" He went. Aye, indeed, it was the Great War which disturbed England and shook the world to its foundations. His parents used to hear from him sometimes—the most charming letters: "Dear Mother and Father, I hope you are quite well as I am. I shall soon be back 'cos we've got them on the run. They can't last much longer 'cos we've got them running. They're running away from us, so they cant last much longer. Your loving son." One day, it was in the depth of winter, the usual letter did not come; but there came a buff envelope instead from the King, God bless him: "We regret that your son is reported killed and missing." Strange, is it not, that golden-haired boys should be killed and missing? Aye, indeed, it was the Great War. But there was nothing to do; so they mourned, the mother and the father, and the village bell-man wept, and the purling rivulet seemed to miss a glint of gold as it slowly turned around the snowpeaked hillock. Aye, indeed, it was the Great War.

Then there came a day when all the mothers of the world were mourning and all the corn-fields seemed lonely. So the King, God bless him, stopped the War. And he called together his wise councillors to advise him how best to honor those who had died for him. And they decided to bury an Unknown Warrior; and they did so. Yes, it was our golden lad. The King and Queen, God bless them, walked behind the coffin shedding mournful tears. The coffin was born by the greatest soldiers in the land to the holiest place in the Empire; and there he was laid to rest with flag and fanfare.

But on a poppy-scattered hillock, in one of the most beautiful counties of this beautiful England, knelt two white-haired parents praying for the soul of their son who had died to save the meandering rivulet. And the bell-man rang his bell, and filled his lungs with air, and with a most stentorious voice cried: "NO MORE WAR!"—*Guild of Citizens of To-morrow*

Reincarnation

We must come back till we love all created,
  And see in all things some God-given power;
We must return till truth is reinstated,
  Proclaiming thanks for each creative hour.
We will replace where we have falsely taken,
  We will give laughter for each tear or pain,
Rebuilding walls of faith that we have shaken,
  We will bid love erase each crimson stain.
We will bind up the wounds of old desire;
  And gladly see beyond all man-made law,
Past earthly dreams, to spirit's vision higher,
  Fulfilling only thus love's perfect law.

—ANNE WALKER DOUGHTY

The Culture of Expression

THE Headquarters of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, was fortunate in welcoming as visitors two sisters, the Misses Elder, of Edinburgh, who were then two of the leaders of the Movement in Arts and Crafts in relation especially to Drama and Rhythm Dancing. They very kindly gave two expositions of the latter at Adyar, to which a number of Madras residents were invited, who were greatly charmed by the lecture, accompanied by living illustrations. Miss Eleanor M. Elder—now Mrs. Mackay—gave as the object of their work:

> Our ideal physical body, that we are striving to produce, is one which will best express the inner self; a healthy, well-developed body, full of strength, grace and balance; a perfect instrument under perfect control. How far we are from this control at present will be best realised by those who have witnessed the frantic efforts in the modern ballroom. We may sum up our aims thus: Healthy development, Control and Expression.

Healthy development for children and for most girls, she says, is best brought about by the physical training which can be given in true dancing. Control is "the swift obedience of the body to the brain, and to this is linked balance," "relaxed, yet alert and confident," bringing with it "a peculiar joy". Grace of gesture in expression of the emotions needs straining, especially of the hands and arms, and on this drama depends largely for its success. In our pictures, postures of the Greek Dance are given, the Greek method being, Miss Elder says, "in harmony with Nature," "was based on the laws of Nature and was scientific in its method of training the body".

In the modern system, built up by Raymond and Isidora Duncan on a careful study of Greek poses, there are six fundamental positions, and these are seen in profile as they are danced with regard to the spectators, the gestures being thus more varied and beautiful than in face-to-face dancing. From these six positions other intermediate ones are naturally reached. These, thoroughly acquired, mean that all gestures will be graceful.

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Buddhist Stories from Sinhalese Literature

BY M. MUSAEUS-HIGGINS

The Two Friends

MAHARAJA Videha of Vadeha in India walked up and down on the balcony of his palace, smiling to himself. And sometimes even he laughed, a rare thing with this grave Râjâ, and his Râni, Udambara Devi, wondered what amused her lord.

He had seen in the court below an unusual sight. Near the wall which surrounded the palace grounds stood two animals, a dog and a goat. The dog had some grass in its mouth and the goat was just putting down some meat on the ground. Both animals looked at each other contentedly. The dog began eating the meat which had been brought by the goat, and the goat enjoyed the grass carried by the dog. Both were very busy with their food, and when they had finished they lay down together for a while. Then they parted in a friendly manner, one going towards one part of the courtyard and the other in the opposite direction.

The Mahârâjâ had seen this going on for several days and the peculiarity of this evident friendship made him think: "How is it that the dog comes to bring grass and the goat meat?"

This is the story: The goat used to steel grass from the elephant stables, and when one day the elephant-keeper found it out he gave the goat such a beating that he almost killed it. The poor animal reached the wall of the courtyard and fell down there exhausted. About the same time a dog with hanging head and tail arrived there in the same condition.

"What is the matter with you, Mr. Dog; that you look so dejected?" asked the goat.

"I would like to know the same thing about you," answered the dog.

Then the goat told its story, and the dog said: "My story is almost the same. I used to steal meat from the kitchen because I felt hungry, and to-day the cook has given me such a beating that I am almost dead."

"So you cannot go to the kitchen again?" asked the goat.

"No," growled the dog, "that business is over. I would surely be killed if I showed my face there again."

"The same is the case with me," said the goat sadly. "What are we to do? Let us be friends and help each other."

At first the dog thought: "What is the use of having a goat for a friend?" But then both were very miserable and he concluded that it was better to have *one* friend, even if it were a goat, then to have *no* friend at all; so they swore friendship.

Then the goat had an idea: "Look here, friend dog, suppose I go to the kitchen and find a piece of meat. The cook will not suspect me as I do not eat meat. I will bring it you and you can eat it."

"Well, friend goat," replied the dog, "that is an excellent idea, but how will you get something to eat?"

'That is quite easy," answered the goat. "You must go to the elephant stables and get me some grass."

"Brilliant!" barked the dog. "Of course, the elephant-keeper will not suspect me as I do not eat grass. He will think I am looking around to see that everything is in order. And when he goes away I can take some grass and bring it to you."

So the two friends agreed and from that day the goat brought meat for the dog and the dog carried grass to the goat.

This it was that the Mahârâjâ had observed, and he was so struck with the cleverness of their design that he let them have their own way, and thought he would make a question for his wise men based on the peculiar friendship of these two animals.

So he called his five Pandits together and said to them: "I have a question to ask, and you, being so much wiser than I, must answer it. If you cannot, you will all be banished."

The five Pandits sat down according to their age and learning. Seneka was at the head and Mahausadha at the foot.

Then the Mahârâjâ said: "Two natural enemies have become friends. Tell me, my wise ones, the reason of this."

Mahausadha, who was really, as we know, the most clever of the five, thought: "The Mahârâjâ must have seen something peculiar and that is the reason why he asks such a question." So he asked for one day's time to think about it.

The four other Pandits looked at Mahausadha as if he were the only light in a dark room, and they also asked for one day's time to think about the question. Besides they asked that they be allowed to give their answers separately.

Mahârâjâ Videha consented and the five Pandits retired. All were in great trouble for they had not the faintest idea how to answer the question.

Mahausadha thought he would consult the Mahârâni Udumbara Devi, whom he called Sister,

because he had once saved her life and was allowed to go to her apartments and talk to her. He said to himself: "The Mahârâni will perhaps know what the Mahârâjâ has seen. I will ask her." So while the other Pandits went to their own houses, Mahausadha went to the Mahârâni and asked her what her lord had been specially doing for the last few days.

"Oh," Udumbara Devi answered, "the Mahârâjâ has been on his balcony every day lately and seemed to be greatly amused, for I heard him laugh, which he does not do very often."

The Pandit took his clue from this, and while the Mahârââ was not on his balcony he went there and looked around, and saw the dog carrying grass in his mouth and the goat carrying meat. They met by the wall of the courtyard and, exchanging their food, ate it contentedly together. "Now I understand," exclaimed the Pandit, under his breath, and went home.

The other four Pandits were very uneasy in their minds as they could not find out anything. So they sought Mahausadha's advice, Emploring him to help them. Mahausadha took compassion on them and without betraying his secret he taught them each separately, a stanza to recite to the Mahârâjâ. They did not understand its meaning, but he assured them that the Mahârâjâ would uuderstand.

Next day the four Pandits each recited his stanza separately to the Mahârâjâ, and the Mahârâjâ was satisfied.

When Mahausadha came, the Mahârâjâ said: "All the other pandits have recited me stanzas and I can see that they answer my question; but I expect you, Mahausadha, to speak clearly and plainly to me in a direct and not in a roundabout way."

So, Mahausadha with a voice as deep as a lion's roar made gentle, said:

In looking from his balcony
The Mahârâjâ saw
A dog who carried in his mouth
A bunch of grass or straw,

And then arrived a goat who had
Procured a piece of meat,
Which, when she dropped it on the ground,
The dog began to eat,

And she to munch the grass he brought
Contented as could be,
But this is only known, my Sire,
To you and—me.

Each needs the other's services
And so good-will extends,
And turns these natural enemies
To warmest friends.

"Bravo! Bravo!" called out the Mahârâjâ. "You are my wisest Pandit and shall be the adviser of my Realm from this day."

Mahârâjâ Videha rewarded all his five Pandits alike with jewels and gowns and horses, and each received a village and its income. But Mahausadha was the favorite and the special adviser all his life.

A Carol of the Star

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

White Star shining all across the sky,
Do the shepherds follow still as you pass by?
"Yes, the simple shepherds go still where
I guide—
If thou hast a simple heart, thou too shalt
walk beside!"

White Star gleaming over lands afar,
Do the Wise Men ride still where your shadows are;
"Yes, the Wise Men travel where my
long ray lies—
Thou mayst bring thy gold as they, if
thou too wouldst be wise!"

White Star lighting all the clouds on high,
Do the angels sing yet, spread across the sky?
"Yes, the angels hover, singing as of old—
Lift thy heart away from earth and touch
their wings of gold!"

White Star guiding down a singing wind,
Is there still a Stable that poor men may find?
"Yes, the Stable waiteth, low and wide of door—
Stoop thine head in humbleness and find
its myrrh-laid floor!"

White Star standing yonder overhead,
Is the Christ-child lying still beneath His shed?
"Yes, the Christ-child waits His own,
pure of heart and mild—
Whoso loves as Jesus loved hath found
the Holy Child!"

—*The Delineator (New York*

1—Before the Curtain Rises

BEHIND the scenes of the world's stage, some souls were gathering, to await their eve for entrance. A few were reluctant players, but most were eager, looking forward to the plaudits they would win, and, best of all, to the joy of adventure, of struggle and achievement. None dreamt of failure, for, fresh from the clearer light that shines beyond stage illusions, they knew that there could be no such thing as real failure, except, temporarily, in some minor aims, and that the Grand Finale of the Stage Manager's Design would reveal itself in assured success, though the present rôles that some would have to play in this particular Act might be ignominious or even sinister, if so their inherent talents could the better be drawn forth.

A small group was engaged in discussing their prospects:

"I am going to have a fine time," said one, a glorious youth, whose aura flashed with deep green and vivid gold. "I have taken care to select rich parents, for nowadays one can do nothing in the world without money. I shall have motor cars, yachts and aeroplanes, country and town residences and all that! Of course, I shall do immense good with my money in all sorts of philanthropic ways. My mother is building a thought-form now for my future, and I can tell you fellows, it isn't half bad! She means to have no more children, so that the property needn't be divided, and even my nursery is going to be a palace."

"That bait doesn't catch me," said another of rather sterner aspect, who seemed to be arrayed in a sort of shining armor, flashing with purple tones, rich blue and coppery red. "None of your 'idle rich' parts for me, thank you! Why, it is simply soul-deadening to be born in the lap of luxury, choked with gold, like Midas of the Asses' Ears. No! My parents offer me just a good fighting chance in life, as they have enough money to get me educated decently, and set me up in some profession. But what fetches me is their ambition. My mother is preparing a fine future for me in her thoughts. She pictures me top of my class year by year, in school and college, leader in sports and studies, and then, entering public life, mastering my conditions there and winning my way to the front. A ruler of men, I am to be, and you bet, I'll rule them well, too! But I want no ready-made triumphs; there would be no fun in that!"

"Both of you chaps seem to have overlooked something of prime importance," broke in a third, whose ruling tints were grades of yellow. "Of course, we all of us know that we can't have everything as we would like in one life, but that the Chief lets us have our own way, just so far as one important element is concerned. One of you has chosen wealth as most essential, and the other, gifts of leadership, but I say that the way to win both is by intellect. I ask in my parents mainly a heredity of mental power, and of specialised talent, and my mother is busy now building me a brain-case that will be hard to beat! I am going to be a famous man, I promise you. Probably science will claim me, but, of course, that depends partly on the opportunities I shall get. Anyhow, I mean to add something big to the world's sum of knowledge."

Now the group was joined by a beautiful boy of flower-like grace of form, tinted a delicate green and silver, flushed with pink. "Your dreams of life all sound dull to me," he said. "I don't want really to play any part on that ugly earth where our lives are cast; but since I have to go, I have chosen parents as happy and care-free as I could find, who are free from city-bred diseases and can give me a beautiful and healthy body. They are called cranks by their neighbors because they care nothing for conventions and refuse to worry about money. They will not fetter my freedom, and my mother is building me a clean, sound body, in which I can play in the sunshine and sing my songs. Perhaps men will hear me, and learn also to sing and dance."

The tale was taken up by yet another, whose aureole was mainly of deep blue, shot with silver. "Your choice does not appeal to me at all," he said. "I too do not want earth-life, and since I must play some part, I elect that of a recluse and philosopher. I have secured deeply religious parents, who will welcome a thoughtful son, devoted to the higher wisdom. My mother dreams of me as a great expounder of religious mysteries, revered universally for saintliness of life."

The last member of the group was shy to speak, but now they pressed him. The colors of his aura were less brilliant than those of the others, but they were radiating more freely, as from a central glow of deepest rose. He spoke almost diffidently: "My parents are just ordinary people; not rich or beautiful, or specially clever. But my mother is always longing to help other people much more than the circumstances allow, and she dreams of a son who will do for the world what she has not been able to do. I go to her because she will not

hold me back from the work I love, from serving my brothers wherever and however they may need me. Of course, it is a pity that I shall not be rich or clever, and perhaps not even religious, as my parents have never had much time for orthodox religion, but I can be useful in some way."

Unseen, the Stage Manager had come up and was smiling on them. "You have all chosen with some care and wisdom," he said, "and when the curtain has rung down again for you all, you shall meet here again, to compare notes, and decide whose choice was best. Depart, my sons; quit you like men, and be strong."

II—After the Curtain Has Fallen

Again the friends met, somewhat sobered by their earth experiences, but rejoicing in their recovered freedom, and in their sense of deepened knowledge and experience. Now the masks were off, they looked almost shyly at each other, remembering with shame that they had not always recognised each other in the fleshy disguise, and that their treatment of each other had not always been consistent with the honorable obligations of soul-friendship. The Stage Manager looked on all with eyes of love and understanding, and asked: "Did any of you regret his choice?" And the youth who had chosen wealth answered candidly: "I was a fool, of course. I didn't even have a good time, except quite at the beginning, before pleasures staled by surfeit."

"Did you do good with your money?"

"Very little, I am afraid, and that only because it was considered proper to give to some big charities. I never remembered at all the life up here and what I had intended to do. I seem to have been just asleep all the time, shut up in a golden cage. Phew, it was a rotten life, all through!"

"Do not grieve over much, my son; the life was not quite fruitless. Especially I recall one occasion when your wealth was useful to finance a noble enterprise for the relief of suffering. In this case at least your motives were pure."

"Yes, but the credit is due not to me, but to my brother here, who chose usefulness beyond all else. Somehow, on meeting and talking with him, I had a little stirring of soul memories, and to give what he wanted for his work was a joy to me, and no sacrifice of my own selfishness."

The Stage Manager smiled, and turned to the second youth, whose aim had been leadership. "Are you more satisfied with the part you played?"

"No, it was pretty rotten, too! I succeeded, sure enough, in getting positions of power, but there was no satisfaction in them after all. The higher I climbed, the more I seemed cut of from other men's love and sympathy, and so I got hard, and didn't care how much I was hated, so long as I could force others to do my will."

"But did you not use your power well, for the good of other men, as you had promised yourself?"

"No, I didn't seem to remember that at all. I just adopted the standards of ordinary business life, and used power for the advantage of myself and my family, with sometimes a little regard, over and above, for my country. It seems now like a bad dream."

"Still, there was a time, during the Great War, when you acted disinterestedly to the advantage of a suffering continent. You brought to bear your immense influence, through trusts and corporations, on the Government of your country, to stimulate action which was vital to the world's interest, though injurious to private profits."

"Yes, but again the credit should not be mine. I was for a moment awakened to higher things by talk with our Serving Brother here. He called on me in my office, and though he seemed a stranger I was drawn to him, and moved by his words. He drew a picture before me, of what my power could do in the crisis, and made me feel ashamed of myself."

It was the turn of the seeker after knowledge. He said "I don't feel so strongly about it as you fellows seem to do, but I too am not satisfied with the choice I made and its results. I was keen on knowledge for its own sake, the advance of science, and I didn't care much what use it was put to, or how it was obtained. I had no use for sentiment and thought anti-vivisectionists and such sort of people just plainly fools. I see now that the only good piece of good work I did was when our general friend here persuaded me to make free to the public the results of some special investigations I had made into a particular inherited disease. I incurred a great deal of odium for my unprofessional conduct in this instance but I never regretted it. It was a green spot in my dessicated life."

"I didn't expect much from life," broke in the child of pleasure, "and so I am not disappointed. The earth was as ugly as ever, and I tried to shut my eyes to its hideousness as best I could. I too quite forgot that I had meant to cheer other men's hearts with my songs, and I thought onlp of easing myself, till I met this practical fellow, who almost forced me out of my poetic seclusion, and made me hob-nob with the member of his Brotherhood Club. But they were good fellows enough, and

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contact with them somehow inspired me, and led to the production of my finest poems, my only gift to the world."

"And you, my Son," said the Stage Manager, turning to the religious philosopher. "How did you fare on Life's Stage?'

"It was rotten," was the answer. "My parents were dear people but so orthodox that they soon stifled any soul-memories that clung to me, and tried their best to stifle reason too! I was so wrapped round with comfortable theology, that by the time I woke up to some self-understanding, I found myself already an ordained cleric and fashionable preacher. Then this obligation and that so hemmed me in that I seemed forced into compromises with the Truth, and I even tried to blind myself. I have been an unfaithful servant of Light."

"No!" broke in the Serving Brother, eagerly. "Do not believe that! You have so widened the boundaries of orthodox belief that the religion you professed can now shelter many souls whom it would formerly have rejected, and a far larger measure of Light can now come through its carefully curtained windows. You were tolerant among bigots!"

"But who made me so?" retorted the other. "You it was who shamed me, by your simple attitude of Love and Service, into a comparison o my faith with yours, which led me further than I had expected. Yours is the credit, if I became broader-minded, and late in life renewed my allegiance to philosophic truth."

"I don't think I need call on our last brother for his testimony," said the Stage Manager. "It has been given by you all, and you have realised that his was the best choice. Dedicated to Service from his birth, and unfettered by inherited obligations of wealth, rank or orthodoxy, he has acted as a distributor through whom the great gifts which each of you were entrusted with could be used for the world, with no more than the common man's share of health, wealth, beauty, or talents. You have all had to admit that, without him, your lives would have been failures. To how many more has he been a channel for blessing? So, my Sons, you have learnt that the one thing needful is the Will to Serve."

HELEN VEALE

Students Attack Military Training

Organising to combat the introduction of military training into the schools of Japan from the middle schools upward, student-representatives of 38 colleges and universities took the first steps toward the formation of the National General Federation of Students Opposing Military Training, at a conference in the room of a student of the Imperial Uni... ...tion at the recent ruling
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submit to a scheme devoid of high ideals, a scheme which was, in effect, no more than a system of training for scientific murder. They considered the plan especially dangerous at the present time when the American people, they believed, were filled with martial ardor and were looking for, although perhaps unconsciously, a chance to show their strength in arms.

Sees Chance for Jingoes

"As a result," said one student, "the adoption of this plan now will only electrify the air with the dangerous misunderstandings which it is inevitable that such a system will breed, and jingoes on both sides of the Pacific will avail themselves of the opportunity to throw the world into confusion again. The rising generation of Japan cannot afford to entertain the world with fire and the blood of the Nation's sons, a spectacle for which the world is eagerly watching as if for a baseball game, merely to humor the caprice of a limited section of the militarists, who have not progressed with civilisation's march."

Attention was called by one speaker to the fact that the opposition of the students to the plan is a phase of the rampant anti-military feeling that is a reaction to the sword-worship which followed Japan's victory in the War with Russia.—*Japan Advertiser.*

A Scotch Dog

Walks 3150 Miles to his Old Home

Urged on by an animal instinct that overcame the seemingly impossible, Scottie, a collie dog, brought to Los Angeles from North Dakota by his owner, walked 3150 miles back to the Dakota ranch, where he was brought up.

It took the dog a little more than eight months to walk the return trip home. He will be shipped back to Los Angeles, and another effort will be made to induce him to stay in California with the family that has owned him for about nine years.

Homesickness is ascribed by the dog's owner as the reason for the animal's remarkable feat.

The story of the dog's return to his old home immediately after being brought out to the Coast by automobile is told by Floyd E. Runyon, who operates an automobile service station at Baker Avenue and Bandini Road, about two miles south of Bell.

Mr. Runyon said he left his 800-acre ranch at Tower City, N. D., with his family, travelling to Los Angeles by automobile. The dog rode in the car. They arrived in Los Angeles April 24 last, stopping at the home of Mr. Runyon's mother.

On the following day," said Mr. Runyon, "we went for a short automobile ride and left the dog at home. We never thought to tie Scottie up. When we came back he was gone. We hunted for him and made enquiries. Finally we gave him up for lost, thinking that perhaps he may have been picked up and destroyed during the foot-and-mouth quarantine.

The day before Christmas we received a letter from one of our relatives back home in Tower City, telling us that Scottie had turned up there on December 13. You can figure out for yourself how long he was on the road.

"How he did it, how he stood the trip, how he got his food, and, most of all, how he knew what roads to take is a mystery. My own theory is that he would be picked up by children along the way and would stay with them, live at their homes for a time and then he would be on his way again. We certainly got a fine Christmas present when we received word that Scottie had been found. We have ordered him shipped back here again.

Relatives in Dakota said Scottie's return to the old home ranch was as emotionally dramatic as a human actor could have made it. Arriving at Tower City, he hunted around, looking for some familiar scent. He found a team of horses that Mr. Runyon sold just before coming to Los Angeles. It is said he leaped with joy, yelping and barking at the horses' noses. The new owner could not understand what was the matter with the dog. Scottie followed the team out to the ranch and immediately ran to the house.

And then, according to the account of his return as given in the letter, those present could just see the Collie's spirits begin to fall. Three thousand one hundred and fifty miles, looking for the old familiar whistle the voices of the children, and to the heart-wringing appeal that looked out from his big brown eyes, the new folks on the ranch were forced to say: "Why, they're not here, Scottie, old boy!"

The letter went on to say that Scottie ran out to the barn, yelped and whined, and then crawled back to the house, where he flopped down and began to howl—not loudly, crying, they called it.

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Tags Birds to Mark [illegible]

Sofia.—"Where do the birds go in winter?"

This question worried a Bulgarian schoolmaster, and so he tied to the foot of a swallow a parchment tag with the following message written on it:

"Greetings from unhappy and greatly wronged Bulgaria."

The swallow left Bulgaria for winter qua[illegible]

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